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Disclaimer

[image]

The ship Russia and Germany will be in this (slightly, as in they'll probably just hug), America x Japan (another America ship later on), so will France x Britain. So if you don't like these ships, than please don't read this. These ships aren't in the story too much, but will have their own time to shine in it.

The art on the cover is mine, and of course I do art and story requests!

Warning for violence, cussing, blood, characters being injured in violent ways, abuse, and drugs. If you are sensitive to any of these topics, I would advise reading something else.

Thank you for keep reading this for some reason, and have a wonderful day.

1

He was working again, inside of his very crowded office. Papers, books, and many other things scattered all around the room. Germany of course, didn't mind working all day, all night even. Not very often, but certainly never, others would come over time to time. More often than not, just to bother him things about money. He hated how they would especially do it in a meeting, or with more people. As if they couldn't get their way, they would just call him a Nazi. Simple as that, and sometimes, very rarely, he would snap at this. Today just had to be one of those damn days.

Germany was working on his computer, pushing up his glasses and than taking a sip of his warm coffee. He sighed, of course today was going to be a long day. He had missed a few hours of work from a meeting he had from the EU a week ago. Soon a knock made him snap out of his trance. It took him a moment to realize it was a sound coming from the door, that also made him realized how tired he really was. He got of his chair, stretching before walking into the living room, and opened the door. The sun hurt his eyes a bit, before adjusting to the light, and looked at the persons face. It was Greece, who Germany knew exactly why he was there, and surprisingly Poland. "Hi, Germany." Poland smiled, a very small slightly forced grin. "Guten tag, Polen," Germany said, moving out of the way to let both of them in. "Please, come in," The two of them walked inside. Poland was slightly worried, as Germany knew that greeting bothered him, but he didn't want to push Germany too hard.

Germany sat down at his desk, checking his computer as the other two sat in front. "Germany, I know you're upset about it, but please I need more time for the monies," Greece said, obviously extremely nervous about the subject. "Greece you had enough time." Germany said, staring at the computer. "You have no room to talk, Germany!" Greece hissed, making Poland slightly regret coming with him. Germany looked away from his computer, and stared at him. "Don't give me that look, you know exactly what I'm talking about!" He

said, glancing over at Poland. It made Poland a bit nervous, "I can't fix that Greece.. I've done the best I can." Germany said, his voice dying out a bit. Regret was starting to consumed him from the inside, but he tried to locked it away. It was for their safety, he thought. "Yeah, I have too!" Greece leaned back into the soft cushion chair. "Greece you understand-" Germany tried to say, but Greece cut him off. "No, I don't think you understand. Unlike you I'm not a cold hearted murderer!" Greece, said slightly motivating Poland to add on. "Yeah, Nazi!" Words it all it took, to snap Germany's mind to a completely different view on everyone, and everything.

Just by Germany's face, they knew they messed up big. "I-I'm sorry Germany we didn't mean it.." Poland spoke, regretting letting his thoughts just out of his mouth. Germany gave them a look, a shadow casted over his face. Poland and Greece backed away, realizing Germany's flag was quickling changing into the German Empire's. "OH KURWA," Now they knew they *really* messed up, both running as fast as they could out the room. Luckily for them his office wasn't too far from the door. Poland unlocked it, and slammed it open. As they ran out, the German Empire went around the corner just in time to see the two ran out. His targets were fast, ah but he knew they couldn't define themselves. They could run for now, but when night struck. He would come, as it too risky for him to go out at day. As everyone could easily see that he's Reiching.

Poland and Greece stopped at France's home. Catching their breathe, and of course Greece drowning himself in France's wine. "So what brings you here, boys?" France said, a sweet smell coming from the kitchen. He was baking pastries, Poland was glad they came around a perfect time. As France's baking was most definitely delicious. France came into the living room, quickly noticing Greece. He placed the plate of croissants, and other breads onto the coffee table infront of them. France snatched away the wine bottle, clearly mad about it. "If you wanted some, you could of just asked for a glass." He said angrily, his accent coming out thicker than it normally does. Greece coughed a bit, clearing his throat. "May I please have a glass of wine?" He asked, smiling a bit sluggish. "God, you didn't have to ask like your my husband," France growled, pooring a glass for him. He sat infront of Greece, who quickly

started chugging it down. "W-Well France.. um, Germany is R-Reiching again," Poland said, crossing his arms holding onto his sweater tightly. He was terrified of all the Reich's, even the Holy Roman Empire. Who basically was a giant bird, who just wanted snuggles. Snuggles that could lead to death, honestly who reads the box. France almost spit out his wine, "You're joking..?" They made eye contact, and he knew by the fear in his eyes he wasn't. France sighed, standing up. "I'll call Britain," He said leaving the room, into his room. Which was somewhat messy as he was lazy to pick up some things. Picking up the phone, he called Britain. Yes, of course they could stop him, but of matter of time. The Reich's where unpredictable, sometimes they could be incredibly strong, and other times they're just stressing out. He hoped they weren't too late.

Time has passed, but it felt like a week to Poland. Only just a few hours, felt like an entire week of just stress. Night bagan to fall, and he was a mess. Greece had passed out beside him, from all the alcohol he chugged. France walked out of his room, "Britain is sending out countries to help search for Germany, for everyone's safety." He said, Poland sighed in relief. Maybe for once Poland would be protected by these two. "Poland, it'll be okay. If you're that upset about it.. you two are welcomed to stay the night." France said, worring for the two. Poland lit up with joy, "Thank you so much France!" He hopped off the couch, and hugged him. France patted his back, "No problem." He glanced out the window, it was definitely dark outside. France led Poland to the upstairs guest room, which had two beds inside. "I'll carry Greece up." France said before heading back down stairs. Poland laid on the bed, tucking under the blankets. France took Greece up, gently putting him onto the bed. "Bonne nuit," he said before shutting the door behind him. "Dobranoc.." Poland said, now feeling completely alone. Yes, Greece was there. Completely passed out, but there at least.

The German Empire knew it was his time. Running out of the house, thinking of who would be the quickest to take down. Ah, of course. A house near his, the home of Netherlands, Belgium, and the drug addict Luxembourg. *Weak,* he thought. Going behind the house, he realized how easy it just was. He knew the combination to their backdoor. Easy as that, he was in. Netherlands was arguing with his brother, Luxembourg. Belgium was drawing in a small

sketchbook. Belgium would be easy to take out, not even paying attention to behind him. With a quick turn around the corner, he grabbed him covering his mouth. Taking him around the corner, knocking him out by hitting his head against the wall. The bang his head made against the wall was too loud, as it alerted Netherlands. "Belgium?" Netherlands said, turning to where the boy once sat. Luxembourg giggled, obviously not knowing what was going on as he was too high off his horse. Netherlands walked over, in the hallway. Nobody was there, German Empire hid in the bathroom with Belgium's unconscious body inside with him. Knowing his time, he quickly tackled Netherlands, bashing his head into the smooth hard stone floor. He drug his body into the bathroom along with Belgium's. He didn't bother with Luxembourg, what would be the point. He's the same high or unconscious, he's still practically a dead body to him. His stomach growled, holding it in pain. Looking back at the bodies, he knew why he came here. Belgium smelled sweeter than Netherlands. German Empire pulled down his color, and stunk his teeth into his flesh. He bit deep into the flesh, blood ran down Belgium's neck. The blood smelled overwhelmingly sweet to him, making him almost want to gag, but it only made him starve for more. After he was done, he cleaned off the blood on his mouth. Doing the same with Netherlands, he was satisfied with his work. Running off into the woods behind their house. He started to feel ill, slowing down bit by bit. His Reiching was almost done for today, and he passed out leaning against a tree.

2

[image]

Morning had taken the cold nights place. As the sun started to rose, Greece had awaken. He felt awful, he remembered what he did yesterday night. Looking around he realized he was still in France's home, across the room was a Poland sleeping almost like a kitten. He slowly got up, slowly shutting the door behind him, and walking tords the bathroom. He poored some water on his hands, and washed his face. Things started to pop back into his mind, and he remembered Germany was Reiching. "σκατά.." He mumbled to himself, walking back to the room. Maybe he could try to go back to sleep, he laid back down staring at the ceiling. He shut his eyes, I'll be fine he thought to himself.

France got a call that scared him half to death, why would anyone be calling him so early in the morning. He picked up his phone, and answered. "Bonjour?" He said, still obviously tired. "Heey," Luxembourg's voice spoke on the other end. Honestly France was surprised he could answer it half the time, considering how many drugs he would constantly take all the time. "Umm, heheh, my uh brother is, uh. I think he's dead," Luxembourg said, voice getting more quite. France eyes widened, "What? How would he-" France cut himself off, and thought. "Where is he injured?" He asked, waiting for an answer that was probably not to helpful coming from Luxembourg. "The neck is like, umm, heheh, like ripped opened." Luxembourg said, coughing a bit after he spoke. France was surprised he even see anything correctl, but maybe he wasn't. For all he knew he could just be imagining this, but surely they would yell at him for making such a call. Now that France thought about it, Luxembourg was banned from his phone most of the time. "I'll call someone over, ok?" He said, rubbing his eyes. "Yeaaaahh." Luxembourg said, before hanging up and leaning into the soft cushion of the chair.

France quickly started texting his husband, Britain. They needed to send at least someone to their home, to check up on them. Even if

what he said wasn't true, they couldn't trust Luxembourg on his own. France couldn't go himself, as he had to watch Poland and Greece for now. Britain said that he'll check on them, France sighed in relief. He should probably start making breakfast for them all, so he went downstairs into the kitchen. Baking was one of his favorite things, and many enjoyed his cooking. France turned on some music, of course being in french. This would hopefully calm himself down, getting his mind off the whole Reiching situation.

Britain tucked his rosy red tie into his black tuxedo. He walked through the halls, as the corgi's fallowed him happily. He was slightly sad he wasn't able to bring them with them everywhere, but of course they liked it more when they stayed in his large kingdom. He walked out the doors, and waited for the person to pick him up, and fly him over to the rest of Europe. *It's quite lonely being an island*, England said inside his mind. *We're never lonely,* Scotland said in his normal harsh tone. Northern Ireland didn't want to fight with them, so he stayed quite. He knew Britain didn't like to hear their thoughts screaming inside his mind. *Too much stress,* Wales said quietly. The helicopter had come sooner than expected, that was lucky for him. Britain didn't want to waste anytime on this, as everyone could be in great danger.

He knocked on the door, waited, waited. Of course Luxembourg wouldn't answer. England groaned, *just open the door.* Britain sighed, and pulled out a long set of keys. Searching through them, he finally found the one to their front door. He opened it, looking around, and quickly spotted Luxembourg high as can be. Britain ran over, "Where are your brothers?" Luxembourg paused, and than laughed a bit, "Batthhroomm." Britain nodded, and ran over to the hallway, looking straight over to the unconscious bodies. "Oh great queen.." He mumbled, walking over to them. He noticed the blood, pulling down the color a bit. *Oh god that looks awful!* Wales cried, *It sure looks like he done it,* Scotland said. Britain pulled out his phone, texting France. He took a few pictures, sent it to him. France quickly saw it, and texted back. "It has to be him, but where could he have gone?" France said, and Britain paused thinking a bit. "We'll send out others to search for him, and medical help for Belgium and Netherlands." Britain texted. *Switzerland would help, he's a doctor*, Northern Ireland said. "That's quite a great idea.." Britain mumbled

to himself, turning away form their bodies. "Switzerland will help.."

Belgium and Netherlands was rushed into the hospital, being taking into rooms for Switzerland, and Croatia to examine. Taking notes, cleaning, and bandaging their wounds. Soon other countries where sent out to find Germany. Nobody had seem him since yesterday, from knowing he was at Netherlands home. They searched from there, asking the houses around if they seen him. It seemed nobody had, until they stopped at a house across from their's. There lived Liechtenstein, he was a quite young man. He called them, telling how he saw Germany ran around the house to the back, but never came back around. They realized, the large forest behind the house. If he hadn't went to the forest, than where else could he had ran off to?

The Slavic countries where called over to search for today, so did the North American's. That met Russia had to deal with the grand idiot America. He hated that American so much, and of course it was mainly from what he had done to his father. "Hey, Russ!" America called, wearing somewhat formal clothes. He growled, not even looking at him "Don't call me *Russ.*" Than he just walked past him, and America kept wearing that smug smile on his face. "Hurry up, we have a germ to destroy." Russia demanded, as America got up walking over. "Wipe that smile off your idiotic face, comrade," Russia said opening the door and walking out, as America fallowed "Yes Sir." He jokily said, fallowing close behind him. "Where are we exactly going to?" He asked, looking at the taller man infront of him. "Do you pay any attention to our meetings?" Russia glared like daggers at America, "I'm not even there for half of them, I'm always late you know!" He said, pushing up his sunglasses. Russia groaned, "Of course you are." He rolled his eyes at the smaller man, they would probably go on for hours arguing all the way to the forest. Of course, they did, and they would never shut up. Soon they would search the forest as best as they could, besides the fact working with someone you hate so much, and the fact the forest was huge. It wouldn't be Russia's worst day, hopefully. Knowing life with him, it would just catch on fire right infront of his face, all his hopes. Dead.

Germany woke up, his body ached so bad. He stood up, bumping his head of a branch. Rubbing his head, he realized that he was taller, and his hands where red. ''*Oh Scheisse..*" He cursed, his accent was even thicker than it ever would be normally. He was still reiching, what did he do? He couldn't remember anything! His teeth where sharp like daggers, and blood stained them. He could taste the metal, off his teeth. "*Vhat.. d-did ich do?"* He mumbled, stumbling back down to the ground. His legs where much taller than before. They probably hurt the worst, but his hands where sharp like claws. His head ached, to the point the pain was too much. Warm bright tears ran down his face, dripping down to his chin, before falling onto his soft buttoned up shirt. He couldn't bare anyone seeing him like this, if they did. They would be scared of him, and he might hurt them. He couldn't manage to run anymore, his legs have gave out completely. His eyes where tired, and soon shut. Going into a slumber, and hoped nobody would find him like this. He hadn't slept well in weeks, and hopefully, he could finally rest.

3

The search went on, the forest was large. With trees tall as the eye could see, roots where long and America kept tripping on them. Instead of a root this time, America tripped on a rock, and fell right onto his face. Russia turned around, and laughed coldly. Honestly he enjoyed watching the American suffer, just like he enjoyed watching his father suffer. *How would he feel if I just broke his father apart into small little pieces,* Russia thought to himself. Even tho America and Britain seemed like they didn't talk much, they still were very close. America was proud of his family, and it showed brightly. Almost as much as he would plaster his flag onto almost everything imaginable. He pulled himself up, his knee stung badly, and realized he had busted it opened. "Hey, Russia. Do you have, um, bandages?" He asked, staring at the freshly wounded blood dripping down his leg. Russia groaned, pulling out the bandages, and rapping it tight around the shorter man's knee. "You bleed easily," Russia said, staring at the cuts up and down his arms from all the tripping. "Unlike you, my skin isn't a rock," America said glaring at him through his sunglasses. "We have no time for small talk. Get up, and let's go," Russia demanded, glaring at him before turning around. America rolled his eyes, and got up.

As they walked through the forest, the blood from America's wounds started to attract a certain country. Germany had awoken, but instead up against the tree. He was sitting in front of a freshly killed deer, it's guts where ripped out, and a lot of its flesh was tore out. He stared at his hands, they where soaked with blood. He started to giggle, loosing more, and more of himself. Soon being replaced by the mind of the Reich's. The soft giggle quickly turned into a loud haunting cackle, he was laughing uncontrollably. America felt chills run up his spine, "Hey.. do you hear that?" He asked, looking around nervously. Russia paused, trying to listen. "да," He said quietly. "Is tha-"America was quickly cut off by Russia shushing him. Russia gave America a hand signal to slowly walk where he was pointing. America nodded, fallowing the Russian cautiously. The laughing had died down, but even so it gave Russia

am idea where the person could of been. Of course it possibly couldn't be the German, but he certainly doubt it. Who in God's name laughs like that, other than say his brother Georgia. America looked over, he saw something bright with color. Of course his sunglasses made it so it seemed darker, pulling them down a bit he got a better look. *I hope that was from a wolf*, he thought to himself. Quickly tapping on the taller man's shoulder got he a quick glare, until he pointed to the corpse. Russia slowly walked over, as even if it was from a wolf, it looked fresh. They stared down at it for a few seconds, until the sound of the grass, and a few fallen leaves being stepped on got their attention. They both shot a look in the direction, which happened to be the left. "It's him," Russia mumbled to himself.

The German Empire ran as fast as he could, he wouldn't dare let those two ruin his chances. He was starving at this point, settling for a small deer for his meal. He wouldn't last long on such a creature, he needed another countries flesh. He realized the sound of his boots off the ground weren't the only pair of feet he was hearing. He knew they where falling him at this point, and he was practically doomed. He needed more weak countries to feed off on, he wouldn't dare take his chances with another fight such of the likes of America again. *That was a big mistake*, the German didn't have any luck with the Russian either. Yes he wasn't his father, but did that really matter to the German? Of course it didn't, he is the child of his that is the most like their father. He couldn't take the chance as to look around, as he could easily trip on the roots, and rocks of the forest. Russia was gaining speed on the German, but America started to slowly started to decline in speed. His knees where killing him, they where already busted enough as it was. America stopped in his tracks, sitting down to let his legs rest. "What the Блядь are you doing, comrade?" Russia said as he turned around to look at the beaten up American. America huffed, "My legs, they're takin' a real beaten." The Russian bent down to bandage the knees again, as they where soaked at this point. America could hear him mumble about loosing the German, and all of it could of been done. He knew he hated when people had gotten in his way of his end goal. "You didn't have to stop," America said, pushing up his sunglasses. The tape on the side of his head to keep them up, probably needed to be replaced soon. As they where

loosing their stickiness. "I didn't want to hear your whining," The other man spoke with his thick accent. "Whatever," He said, as the Russian was finished with his knee, and sat up. They looked off into the distance, "Dammit." America said, he did wish he hadn't tripped. They could of stopped the German before he did anything even more stupid.

Netherlands woke up in the hospital, looking over at his sleeping brother. He felt very tired, and rubbed his neck. He flinched, remembering the incident from yesterday. *At least I can't get infected*, he thought to himself. His family was immune to the venom, and they where very glad for that. Switzerland walked into the room, holding a clipboard with many papers on it. "Guten tag, boys," He said, fiddling with his bright red pen. "Hello.." Netherlands voice felt dry, probably from his body fighting against the venom in his neck. It was a smart place to bite, quickly infecting the body. "How are you feeling today?" Swiss Cheese, *his nickname*, asked. Netherlands looked to the side, thinking a bit. "Ok.." He looked terrible, eye bags, and his face was slightly paler than normal. It almost looked like Luxembourg it was getting to the point of ghostly. It was just the venom, making people almost of a mix of a zombie and a vampire. "Is my brother ok..?" He asked, but he didn't want to look back at him. "Ja, he just recently went back to sleep. He is doing very good," Swiss Cheese said, writing things down onto his clipboard. Even if he saw it, he couldn't understand it. He wrote in German, as he himself was Germany's cousin. The bandages on his neck, and some on the rest of the body made him ich in those areas. At least it was only a slight irritation. "You should sleep now, alright." He said, his voice was gentle. It made him feel better about the situation, he felt.. Safe.

France had made breakfast for the three of them. "They'll certainly enjoy this," He spoke to himself, making sure they where as perfect as they looked. The door had rang, and he answered it. "Ah, Britain. Come in," He said, smiling a large fanged smile. Britain nodded, walking inside the house. "Netherlands, and Belgium are doing well," The British man spoke, laying eyes on the treats. "You can have one if you so please," France said. "No thank you, sweetie," He said, smiling gently at his partner. "Ooh, hon I know you love them," France teased. Britain gave him a look, and quickly ate one

of the many biscuits. "See?" He said, going back to cooking some more. "They're splendid," Britain said, a warm peachy color crossed over his cheeks. "Greece and Poland are still sleeping," France knew they probably had trouble sleeping from the fear of the German. Well, more like Poland, as Greece was knocked out cold. "Ah, alrighty," Britain said, walking over to the couch. Did someone spill wine? He thought, but he knew it couldn't of been France. He was careful with his precious alcohol, every drop was treasured.

Poland woke up, yawning like a kitten. How many times had woken up, and fell back asleep? Was it all just one big dream, or..? No, he knew the truth. Germany was Reiching, and wanted him dead by all means. Germany was always close to Poland, even if his people didn't like it much. He was like a father to him, as he used to literally be a part of him. He treated him wrong in the past, but he changed. He wasn't a Reich anymore, yes him being a bit too intense with the EU was scary sometimes. Yet it's been months, maybe a year since his last Reiching accident. That was quickly taken care of, as it was just a metal break through his mind. He wondered how Greece was, and a soft scent filled the room. France was baking again, it must of been breakfast. "Greece?" Poland asked looking over at the seemly sleeping man. "Yeah?" Greece said, his voice was obviously tired. He was now aware of him being certainly being awake, or at least half awake. "I think France is making us breakfast," The small polish man said, sliding out of the bed. "Oh.. alright," Greece sat up, yawned, and rubbed his eyes. As they walked down the stairs, they where greeted by Britain sitting on the couch. "Why hello young chaps," The British man said, waving at the two. Poland smiled, and waved as he walked down. Greece simply just looked to the side, not waning to talk to anyone for a while. "How did you sleep?" Britain asked, adjusting his monocle. "Alright, I guess," Poland put his hands into his pockets, walking towards the kitchen. "France made breakfast for you two," Britain said, his voice was cheerful. A friendly voice always made Poland feel safe usually, especially if it's someone he trusts. Such a mind set could leave him down a easy carefree life, or well the opposite.

France put their breakfast onto plates, beautiful glass plates with wonderful hand painted designs on them. "Thank you," Both the boys said, sitting beside Britain on the couch. The coffee table was

pushed out a bit so they had more leg space, or well for Britain. They didn't mind the extra room, as the table was still close. As the dapper gentlemen switched through the channels, something caught his eye. Football, or well Soccer his oldest son would call it. He didn't mind watching a good game of the sport. France had gotten a text, from said son. America and his partner for the time being was Russia, and he explained they both saw Germany in the forest outback Netherlands home. The house wasn't too far from Germany's, and was definitely close to France's. He had gotten away, and possibly could be searching for the two younger men. Poland was quite young for a country, but Greece definitely wasn't. He was probably the oldest in the home, but surprisingly he seemed young and full of life. Unlike Britain, who seemed like for a human would be in his mid 40's. It was probably from the back pains he has often, France seemed around his age in human years as well. "Britain sweetie, could we have to talk.abput something," Jr said, Britain gave him a look. He got up, and went into the kitchen. They whispered to get each about the situation, Poland and Greece could make out a few words. It worried Poland, but he felt he shouldn't have to worry about anything yet. He was in safe hands, Britain and France could protect him. *Right?*

Poland always feared being hurt again in such a way like that. He knew Germany didn't mean to hurt him, he wasn't himself. Practically a puppet for the higher-ups to use as a sick little toy. As much as he didn't want to be hurt, he didn't want Germany to suffer either. He hoped something could done about it soon. They two are up their meals, indeed France's cooking was very swell. Greece was worried about other things at the moment. Mainly bring I'd had to run into Turkey anytime soon, as they recently had gotten into a fight. Greece had a problem with speech, and he knew it. He spoke his mind too easily, every word he thought normally would come out. It made thinking dangerous with some people. Such as Turkey, or Germany sometimes. He wish he could fox it, but he honestly doesn't want to bother Switzerland. Could it even be helped? He thought to himself, as he looked over at Britain and France. Their faces showed worry, and fear. It worried Greece, as he knew it was probably about Germany. "They last saw him at the forest behind Netherlands home.. That's very close to my house, and I'm not site if I could protect the two," France spoke in a whisper. "He is the

German Empire this time around, I'm sure we can take care of him again," Britain whispered back. "He has venom this time around, Swiss said he found some in Belgium and Netherlands necks," He said, and that is what made Britain began to worry. The Second Reich, German Empire when they first fought him didn't have venom. The Third Reich is the one who had gained that ability, as it slowly turns it's victims into puppets. France didn't want to become a puppet by any means again, but Britain wasn't really effected by it. Very mildly, but over all nothing much. Russia and America where about the same, as they could not be infected by it. A thought came into Britain's mind, what if the venom could turn countries back into their Empires. That scared Britain, not only for others, but for himself.

France and Britain walked up the stairs, as Poland and Greece watched as they went by. "The venom could possibly infect others to not only go rogue, but could turn them into their previous forms," Britain whispered as he walked into their bedroom. France thought about when he became Vichy, it ran chills down his spine."I hope that wouldn't be possible," He said, shutting the door behind him. "Have you talked to our boys recently?" The British man asked, as he hadn't talked to them in a few. "I talked to America shortly as he had to continue his job, but I haven't talked to Canada in a while," France said getting a bit more quiet. "Oh.. Alright, how is he doing?" He asked, sitting on the rocking chair inside France's bedroom. "He's doing OK I guess, he said he busted his knees," France glanced at himself in the mirror. Britain sighed in worry, "I hope he'll be ok, with that Russia and all." France sat onto his bed, his back slightly hurting, "I'm sure he'll be fine."

4

[image]

America and Russia headed home, as night begin to fall. America said it would be too risky if they searched at night. Russia thought he was weak for that, and of course he did. America hated how he was stuck with this idiot. As he got home, the pressure washed away. As he was soon greeted by his loving boyfriend, Japan. "Hello, Amy-San! How was work?" He asked, moving out of the way of the door so he could walk in. "It was fine, I guess. I was stuck with Russia as my search partner," The American said, sitting down at the couch. He needed some relaxing time, as his body ache. "I've already made dinner, could you like some?" Japan said, gently smiling at him. "Yes please," America said as he took of his sunglasses. He tucked them into his shirt, and soon Japan handed him a plate. America loved his Japanese food, long as it wasn't too far off. As in, octopus was definitely out of the idea. It was simple American styled hamburger, "Thank you" He said, as Japan sat next to him. He turned on an anime, lucky for America it had subtitles.

Hours passed, and soon Japan fell asleep, laying his head on America's shoulder. It was cute to America, he slept much like a kitten. His eyes felt tired, and he shut them. He though about work today, recapping the events. His knees still stung, in the morning he would take a shower. Washing off the dirt and other things that could possibly dig their way inside his flesh. Infecting it, and making him feel even more pain than what he already did. *Germany*, did he hate him? No, but he slightly didn't like his attitude sometimes. He remembered his close friend, who surprised him that they where even friends, Israel told him about a mental problem Germany had. Something with personalities, it was obvious he had PTSD though. America wouldn't blame him from what he'd been through, or more importantly *what he'd done.* Israel was kind to Germany, and he himself didn't understand it. Germany used to be that person, or maybe he was just another personality living in that body. Ah, wasn't it multiple personality disorder? Or some form of it, he questioned himself inside the mind. He fell more, and

more into the deepness of his mind. Soon being torn into a dream like state.

America had awoken, but not as himself. A wolf, with glowing white eyes. His stomach growled, and his mouth drooled. Walking slowly tords the sound of boots clicking against the floor. His tail swayed, and the claws in his paws began to come out. The person wearing the big black boots was Germany, yet he was in the uniform of German Empire. America stared at him walking, it was slightly a speed walk as if he had somewhere to go. His stomach screamed at him, *it's food, it's a quick meal.* He tried to shake the thought out of his head. He stared back at the German. America fallowed him slowly, trying to control his instincts as a starving wolf. *He maybe skinny, but his meat is tender. "*No.. please," He whined quietly to himself. Germany paid no attention to the wolf, as he seemed nervous. America tried to contain the wolves desires, but he broke. He pounced ontop of the German's body, tackling him onto the ground. The German screamed in pain, turning around to see the large wolf digging into his flesh. "Ich kann nicht damit umgehen, Es tut mir Leid!" Screamed the German, but he didn't understand the language. The screaming only made his fangs dig into his flesh more, and more. He stopped when the German below him stopped moving, staring at the beaten up body. His mind slowly came back, and he backed away. "I-I killed him.. I killed him," He repeated to himself. He sat down, staring at the ground, tears began to flow down his face and-

America woke up, his normal self. In reality, beside Japan. Who was still sleeping like a kitten, honestly it was adorable to the American. He sighed in relief, but the words of the German rang in his head. He had gotten up, moving carefully so he wouldn't bother his boyfriends rest. One of the kitchen cabinets had pill bottles inside, just their pills. He took his pills he normally took every morning with a glass of water. He didn't feel hungry for the moment, and probably didn't need to eat until lunch. The TV was still on, and on a very low volume. An anime was on, probably rerun of a older episode. He yawned, rubbing his eyes. He would soon have to get ready for work soon, as he checked the time earlier. Hopefully his partner today wasn't that Russian. He sighed, walking into his bed room. His clothes, boots, and.. sunglasses? Ah,

he had left it on the couch. He would need those as his eyes where somewhat sensitive to the sun. At least it wasn't as bad as Australia, his cousin. He laid on his bed, thinking about that dream. Or was it a nightmare?

Germany laid there, on the ground. He sat up, in front of him was a blurring imagine of a forest. He looked around, trying to find his glasses. When he realized, hid hands where covered in the dried blood of a the victims he devoured. He gasped slightly, backing up to a tree. Germany curled up into a ball, shaking badly. His face began to get pale, turning back into the Second Reich from his stress of the situation. He grabbed his head, "N-Nein, nein, I'm fine, I-I'm fine!" He told himself, sitting up. His legs ached, and shook a little as he walked. After walking for a while, he realized he was lost. He could barely see the things in front of him, only making out the shapes and forms of rocks and trees. "Oh Gott," He said to himself, over and over. He began to speed walk, glancing at all the tall trees. His eyes tried to make out a figure in front of him. The person seem m to notice him, where they afraid? "Alemania?" They asked, and Germany knew it must if been Spain. He sighed in relief, running over to the familiar face. Spain quickly notice the blood on his face, and hands. "Did you-" He was quickly cut off by Germany reply. "I don't know, I-I zhink I Reiched," He said, he slightly felt light headed. "Since we are far out, there's no way to call someone," Spain said, looking off to the trees. "But I know the path back to the road," He said, getting up off the stump he was sitting on. "Cmon, vamonos."

Germany stuck close to Spain, as he couldn't see very well. His head began to ache, and Spain caught notice to this. "Hey, are you alright?" He asked, stopping in his tracks. Germany growled a bit, and Spain stepped back. "Alemania..?" He asked quietly, until German's face began to get pale. He knew that he was going to snap any moment, and quickly began to run off. He'd never had to really go against a Reich before, as he would usually would back out from any attacks with the other country. He knew from stories, this was a situation that wouldn't end pretty. He hope he would see the road soon, but as he ran he noticed the running from behind him began to get faster. He was gaining speed on him, and quick. He jumped over some roots, and finally past a few trees he saw the road. As

they ran down the road, the houses began to get into his view. The hope was quickly lost, as the German grabbed him by the wrist. He tackled him down to the ground, and pulled his scarf down to reveal his neck. "G-Get off me!" Spain screamed, kicking and trying to push him off of him. His neck was bit into, painfully, and deeply into his flesh. Spain began to pass out from the blood lost, and shut his eyes. German Empire got off his body, and dragged him off to the forest. Nobody would find his body for a while, he thought. Licking the blood off his teeth, and walked off to find his next victim.

5

Portugal was concerned, his brother was supposed to come home later today. He hadn't even gotten a message, or anything from him. He knew that his brother knew the way back from his camping spot. He got a backpack full of some basic hunter like things, such as a knife, or first aid kit. Walking out of the house, he should probably take someone along with him. Who should he bring, he thought to himself. He walked down the sidewalk, staring at the neighborhoods houses. He walked to a house, he knew they could help in some sort of way. Knocking on the door, he stood there waiting. "Buna draga," The person hissed, but of course not in a rude way. It was Romania, who was know for hissing while he talked sometimes from his very noticeable fangs. "Hey can you help me with something..?" Portugal questioned. "What seems to be the problem?" The Romanian enjoyed helping people, as many didn't want to be around him. That was he thought, and that's what his brother told him. Moldova was quite like a demon, horns, tail, and the personality of one as well. He was small, and staring at the two from the darkness. *How could he actually talk to someone like that,* he thought. "My brother Spain didn't come home yet, from the forest," Portugal said, looking down. He was fearful, and Moldova fed off the negative emotions. Romania felt what was left of the blood in his body go cold.

The forest was all to familiar for Romania, he recalls it being the place he turned into what he is now. Every time he went into that forest, he felt like he was starving. He wanted to help Portugal, he hoped he could control it. "Somethings not right..," Romania said, and Portugal thought about his words. Something was definitely off, he would never do something like this. Moldova helt in his giggle, as it would give him away to Portugal. *I need more*, he thought to himself. Fear started to rise in both of them, and to Moldova his brothers where the more precious to feed off of. "I-I'll make you stay safe," *that fool*, thought Moldova. As the door was shut completely, Moldova was back into the darkness.

Romania took out his umbrella, and helt it close under his head. Portugal gave him a questioning look, as why would anyone need an umbrella at the light of day. He decided it was best if he hasn't questioned, he knew Romania wasn't very good at giving answers. The forest wasn't too far from where his house was, "He was camping right down this path!" The young Portuguese man ran quick, and Romania had trouble catching up with him. Once they started walking passed the trees, Romania felt something wrong. He could feel dread build up in his chest, he moved his arm to block Portugal from going any farther. "Do you.. can you hear that?" He asked, the two looked around. Faint footsteps walking on the Earth's floor. Romania had much better hearing than what Portugal had, but even then the noise sounded like it was coming from everywhere. A figure caught Portugal's slight, "Spain?" They didn't answer, just continued walking towards them. Until they rushed over to them, and Romania instantly knew what would of happened if they didn't move. He teleported both him, and Portugal behind where the person. They turned around, smirking eerily. It took him a few seconds to realize they somehow teleported "That's not Spain.." His once brother said quietly. "Claro que no soy España, soy el imperio español!" They shouted, chasing after them again. With a quick disappearance trick from Romania, he got behind Spanish Empire. His neck was already exposed, he noticed. He couldn't control himself from just a near picture of it, and sunk his fangs into his flesh. From his neck already being teared into, the pain was exclusionary for the Spanish Empire. Not long after having his blood drained more, he passed out in the arms of the vampire.

It was hard for Romania trying to hold up the Spanish man as he helt his umbrella, but he realized what he'd just done in front of the persons very own brother. "I-I'm sorry.. I-I," He saw the fear in Portugal's eyes. "You're.. you're a vampire," He mumbled, but with his hearing Romania could easily hear it. Those words hit him like knives, as he always feared this. Someone finding out, telling more and more people. They would all hate him, just like they did years ago. "I didn't mean too.. Please don't hate me!" His voice was dying out a bit, tears making their way up into his eyes. Portugal walked closer to him, "I don't hate you, Romania.." He said as he took away his unconscious brother from the other man's arms. Romania stepped back, fearing he might bite him as well. "Let's get you

cleaned up, and Switzerland can see what happened to him," He said, as he bagan to walk back to the road. Romania stood there for a few seconds, before running after him.

Romania went to the bathroom, as Portugal took his brother to the doctors. Of course he couldn't see himself in the reflection, but he could feel the dried blood on his mouth. Washing his face off, and trying to wash his teeth with the paper towel. He couldn't tell if he got all of it off, but he hoped he did. As Portugal laid him on the bed, one look at the neck for Switzerland told him who did it. "I feared this would happen.." He sighed, and Romania walked into the room. "What is wrong?" Portugal questioned, looking down at his brother. "Germany has been Reiching, the poison was found in Netherland's and Belgium's necks. I feared this would turn others back into their Empires," He said, and Portugal looked fearful. This didn't just happen to his brother, it could happen to him. "I'll have to bring the news to the Allied Powers, you may go home. I'll give you updates on your brother here," Switzerland said, as he walked to the room beside it to give his call. "Thank you for helping me, Romania," Portugal said, smiling at him. He was shocked for a few seconds, someone was actually happy to be around him. He smiled awkwardly, feeling his cheeks light up a pale pink color. "U-Uh, you're welcome!" He looked away, embarrass.

"I'll talk to you later!" Shouted Portugal as he waved, and ran down the road to his home. Romania waved a very small goodbye, smiling at his new found friend. He instantly felt dreadful coming back home, reading for his brother to mock him. "Where were you?" The voice hissed, he could see him through the darkness. "I went to help a friend," He walked right passed him, not wanting to talk to him. Moldova was shocked, he never would ignore him. Since normally he was lonely, and he would feed off of that. This time, something seemed to change in the brother. Maybe some courage? That thought made him laugh, he would never be the one to be brave. Did something change elsewhere in the boy, he asked himself. Possibly so, but what would be the point if he did. He would never change, and Moldova knew that. It made him feel safe to know he'll always have his big brother to feed off on.

Portugal made his way back to his home, once he stepped inside he realized he was now alone in the house. Well he wasn't completely alone as someone knew he'd come home, and began to whine. Portugal sighed, smiling a bit "I'm coming Bella." As he walked through the house to the cage, the whining stopped as he opened it. There ran out their Spanish Greyhound, she seemed excited to see him again. He opened the door, and she ran out to their backyard which was fenced-in. He smiled sadly, and walked to the kitchen to get some food for himself. The news about his brother soon came to the Allies, as this was important. He could indeed infect, and turn people back into the days of which they where an empire. Something Britain was terrified of, he'd brought so much pain throughout the world already. The British man sighed, as France continued to talk. At this point, alcohol was in the man's system. Britain ignored the rant slightly, adjusting his monocle. He hoped America would be able to search soon, as it was beginning to be that time of day. Poland and Greece seemed to be fine downstairs, he thought. As the door to the bedroom was slightly cracked open, and he could hear the two chatter. Greece never had the deepest voice, but Poland couldn't compare to other countries. His voice, and appearance made him look like a child. Britain smiled a bit, tipping his top hat. France checked his phone, and didn't look too pleased. "What's the matter, honey?" He asked, looking over at the French man. "I know you're going to hate this, but it's going to rain soon." Those where the words to make Britain on a slightly good mood, to completely pissed. "Pass me a glass of wine, deer," He asked, and France sighed. He knew his husband hated the rain, and that is why he enjoyed going to other countries. Expect the fact when it did rain, Britain was tired of the rain. Every single day it seemed to rain for him, and it made him slightly upset to know that. Canada loved the rain, even the snow he often got. America didn't mind either, but Britain couldn't stand the rain anymore. France poured him a glass of the red liquid, and passed it over to the British man.

"If Germany finds us, don't remind him of my debt," Greece said, glancing over at the shorter man. "Um, dobrze," At first Poland spoke, but it quickly became a mumble. "I'm tired are you tired?"

He asked, and Poland shook his head. "Oh well, I might pass out on the couch," Greece said, as he leaned in closer to the back of the couch. Poland was quite bord, it seemed like there was nothing to do at the home of the French. He would ask France himself, but he was too scared to even say anything. He just sat there, watching foótball for the past few hours. He picked up the remote, and check through to see what he could find. Greece had already went to sleep, in the middle of day. Which left Poland bord, and very lonely. He would go outside to play, but he was scared of the German who would definitely catch him. Greece didn't seem too worried at this point, but he was probably shaken up on the inside. That is what Poland thought, as he himself was fearing seeing anything German at this point. Poland got scared easily, and it seemed to scar him for a few days. He curled up into a little ball, hopefully he would fall asleep soon.

He had fallen asleep, but a noise awoken him. It was pouring down the rain outside, the noise bounced off the sides of the house. France was making dinner, wait dinner? He must of been sleeping for a long while now. Britain was sitting in a chair, beside the two. Texting someone on his phone, probably his son who was working again. "Oh, good afternoon Poland," He spoke with a smile, it made Poland feel safer. He trusted the two, even after what they did all those years ago. He hoped they wouldn't let him get hurt again, and Germany would be OK as well. "France is making dinner for us soon, I hope you are enjoying your stay so far," He said, looking back at his husband in the kitchen. "You look kinda tired Britain," Poland said, as Britain looked back at him. "If hadn't gotten much sleep from the rain," Those words confused Poland, as most people are able to easily fall asleep with it raining. Greece was awake, but again he pretended to sleep. Poland and Britain talked for a while, and France would occasionally join in. He felt he was in a safe environment, and knew it would last a bit longer. He hoped it would at least.

6

The American groaned, *seriously why do I have to work with him?* America thought if he wasn't going to be killed by the german, Russia would be the first. His phone started to ring, blaring his national anthem loudly. The Russian rolled his eyes at the seemly narcissistic man, but America he had no room to talk. As his was even louder, and it was just a friendly reminder of who America killed all those years ago. "Yes?" America asked, he tried to ignore Russia who was giving him a cold stare. "Hola, America!" It was a friendly voice to hear for once, one of his closest *friends* Mexico. "Oh hi Mexico," He said as he rubbed the back of his neck, he was honestly a bit nervous. "I wanted to call you to give you the news about my dad.. Germany attacked him yesterday," Mexico's voice strained a bit, it was hard for him to even say. Especially to the person he loved, but he would never tell him that. *He's in love with someone else, h*e would constantly remind himself. America's eyes widened, and Russia knew something was very wrong. "I'm sorry about that, is he ok?" The American didn't like his father that much, it was probably because of his parents. Britain, France, and Spain always had a rivalry. Even now they still did, sometimes. "No.. He turned back.. I-Into an empire," Mexico's voice broke, he didn't want to think about it much. "Switzerlands trying to help him, just be careful ok..?" He said, and his voice got quieter by the second. "I'll be fine, I'll try my best," America smiled sadly, staring at the bandages on his knees.

As the American said goodbye, and put his phone away. He knew Russia would have some questions, and sighed. "Who was that?" He asked with his thick accent, glaring slightly at America. "Mexico, he told me Germany had attacked Spain," He pushed up his sun glasses, and looked away from the Russian. Russia was pissed, they could of stopped this from happening. If it wasn't for America, he could of.. He stopped himself from getting to upset with the *idiot*, as he had a job to do. As they walked through the neighborhood, the mud was getting quite annoying. It hasn't been raining for that long, but rain could cause them to be called off work if it's severe.

America wished he knew the area where Spain was attacked in, as it would give them a hint where the German was. He would probably need to take off his sunglasses soon, as he could barely see through them with all the rain. He sighed, remembering how his brother reacted to his eyes after that. His father- *England* had done so, as a punishment for running away. Sometimes he wondered what the others went through, but he knew nobody wants to talk about it much.

Poland woke up to a noise, like knocking to the door. It was still raining, and when he looked out the window he realized how dark it was outside. Greece had awoken, giving Poland a slightly startled look. The knocking had stopped, and both uneasy. "Did you hear that..?" Greece asked, it was a whisper. Poland nodded, looking around the house. In the kitchen laid a note, labeled *To Poland and Greece.* As he read it, another noise was heard from outside. Scratching, scratching, something was trying to get in. "France isn't home.." He mumbled, but loud enough for Greece to hear. They where home alone, or so it seemed to them at the moment. Greece noticed that Britain's things he had brought with him, where still at the house. His coat was neatly put on clothing rack by the door, he sighed in relief. "Britain's still home, if he left he would need his coat," He said, and Poland nodded. Poland walked upstairs, and peeked into the bedroom. Indeed Britain had fallen asleep, seemly watching a movie in French. He walked into the rest room, and washed his face. Trying to calm himself down, *everything's going to be ok.*

Once he walked back to the couch, Greece gave him a worrying smile. They tried to go back to sleep, but soon the lights had all turned off. With the thunder and lighting from the outside, it wouldn't be much of a surprise. "The power.. it went out," Greece said, almost as a mumble. The scratching continued, but louder. "What's that?" Poland asked, at this point the two were very quiet. Not wanting to make much noise, a fear was creeping into their mind. *Germany,* he could be out for them. Britain was still sleeping, much like a baby at this point. It was surprising for him to ever sleep when it rained, but now they wished he was awake. "I'll go wake up Britain," Greece said as he got out of his seat, and went up the stairs. Poland hoped he would wake him up soon, as he heard a

creek inside the house. At first he thought it possibly could of been Britain getting up, until the creeking gotten closer to him.

"Ugh.. Good morning?" Britain said as he sat up from the bed, staring back at Greece. "It's midnight," Greece said quietly. "Is something wrong?" The gentleman asked, and before Greece could answer a shriek was heard from downstairs. *Poland, somethings downstairs!* Thought Greece, as Britain lunged out of bed. "That's what's wrong!" Greece screeched, as the two men ran downstairs. He had broken into the house, looking for them. Somehow none of them had awoken to the loud noise of glass shattering. It was easy for the Empire, to wait when Poland was alone. "Get away from m-me!" Poland screamed as he tried to hold back the German from biting him. He was far too weak, but Britain soon came forth to help. He grabbed the nearby umbrella, which would be helpful with the weather. Instead he used it to beat the German over the head with, and the got his attention to him. Poland took the chance to run, grabbing Greece's hand. "Run along boys, I'll fend him off!" The British voice rang, and the two hesitated a bit. Before running off outside, in the cold rain. The sky of as dark as it was damp, who's house could they possibly go to? Someone they could trust that's for sure.

France arrived home, the front door was wide open. As he drove down the road, he noticed something wrong with one of the kitchen windows. As he stepped inside, and turned on the lights. He was greeted with the unconscious body of his husband. His neck had been biten into, and his top hat covered his eyes. "Britain!" He shouted as he ran tord's him, embracing him with his arms. As he saw the neck, his heart dropped. *Germany,* but where was the others? He hopped they where alright, but now it was time to help his husband. He ran out back to his car, gently putting Britain in the back. Speeding off to the hospital, where Switzerland and Croatia worked. His heart pounding against his chest, almost felt like being stabbed. Over and over, until you couldn't remember why such a thing happened. He stopped in front of the hospital, and ran inside holding his dear close to him.

As they brought Britain to the room, he saw Belgium and Netherlands. Spain was there as well, who seemed split between his

empire and not. He didn't care much for the other country, but he was glad to see him doing better. "I have mix results for you France," Croatia said, as he he'll up a paper. "Britain wasn't infected much, but it still could spread. He should only be here for a few days," He spoke, and France sighed in relief. *He'll be ok,* he told himself. "May I visit Belgium, and Netherlands?" He asked, as the two where his kids with Germany. Oh he had many kids, with many people. To him it didn't matter, only some seemed to really bound with him. He sighed, walking trough the doors. Giving one last glance at Britain for the day, and walking into the others rooms. "Hi Mr. France," Belgium said, his voice sounded weak, but somehow happy. Netherlands waved, and France waved back. "How have you two been feeling?" France asked, looking at the bandages around both their necks. "I've been feeling better," Netherlands said, "Have you heard from Luxembourg?" France shook his head yes, "I just went to see him today, he's doing.. you know." Belgium sighed, "It's really late you should take a rest." The French man signed, "I'll probably have to stay at America's or Canada's, Germany broke my window." The two eyes widened, realizing why he's probably here. "Well I'll see you later," France waved goodbye as he walked out. "Goodbye Mr. France!"

"That's Bulgaria's!" Greece said, running over. Knocking on the door, he prayed he would be home. He wouldn't pray to Zeus, as now was a very bad time to do so. With all the lighting, he'll probably catch the house on fire with Greece's body. A very tired, almost zombie like Bulgaria answered. "Yea..?" He said, and Greece pushed through him. Poland fallowed, but he didn't want to he rude. "I'm sorry, we really need to stay the night is that ok?" He said, and Bulgaria questioned a bit. "Why?" He asked, and Greece's answer was "Well, either that or Germany's going to kill us all." Bulgaria sighed, "I don't have any spare bedrooms so, you'll be crashing on the couch." The two smiled with joy, and Poland hugged him before resting on the couch. "Make sure your windows are German proof," The greedy Greek said, as he leaned back into the cushion.

Russia and America had to go home, due to the rain. Russia hated

going home, he hated even looking at his disgrace of a brother Ukraine. Belarus was scared of the two at this point, and it wouldn't stop. He hated everything at this point, angry from the idiot he works with, idiots at home. He missed his father, he remembers him well. The American and him weren't always against each other, but it happened soon like a fire. He didn't like him in the first placed, and especially now. His father is gone, *and it's his fault.* He would often take out his anger on his brothers. Especially Ukraine, who seemed to hated most of his family at this point. He was seeing someone, who he would be beaten to death if he was caught with them. Canada, the only person he's ever felt safe with. They could care less if their older brothers hated each other's guts. What mattered is how joyful they felt when they where together. Canada sighed, texting his lover goodnight. The door rang it's old Canadian tone, and he got up to answer it. "Oh hello mom," He said, as he saw a somewhat distraught France in front of him. "May I stay the night? My house isn't safe at the moment," He said, with his voice shaken. "Oh I'm sorry, come inside," He moved out of the way, and shut the door behind him. "I'll make some tea, will that be ok?" The Canadian asked, and France nodded. "I'm glad to spend time with you again, son" They smiled at each other, as soon would be time for a good rest.

7

"Breakfast is ready!" Called the Canadian, setting up the table. He had made pancakes, with of course maple syrup. France had awoken to his yelling about such, and went out to eat. Canada giggled a bit, and France gave him a questioning look. "Your berets on backwords," He said, taking a bite out of the pancake. Quickly fixing the hat of his, he reminded himself to tell Canadian why he was here. "You know how I said my house is unsafe," He said at first, and his son nodded. "Well Germany kinda, might of, uh.. Well he broke into the house I'm guessing, and beat up Britain," France looked away from him as he spoke, not wanting to see his face. "I'm sorry, is dad ok? What about Germany?" Canada asked, worry showing trough his voice. "I don't know if Britain's alright, I was going to go to the hospital today. I literally have zero idea where Germany is, he was gone when I arrived," He said, and finally began to eat some. "We can go as soon as possible?" Canada asked, and was hopeful his father would be ok. "Oui," France mumbled, and Canada was pleased. "Please tell your brother, ok?" France said, knowing he didn't like to tell things like this to America alone. "Couldn't you?" Canada honestly didn't want to tell him either, yet he knew by the way France looked at him that he had to.

America had awoken, feeling as his brushes had gotten worse. Once he got out of bed, he realized there where cuts along his body. Large, open wounds, and it looked like they where recent. Once he gotten dressed, someone opened the door to his room. "*Morning sweetie*," the voice must of came from Japan, but it was off. It didn't sound like him, but someone else. Before he could turn around, he was pushed onto his bed. Now looking at the person, he saw one of his worst nightmares. The Japanese Empire, was staring back at him. With a large smirk, showing his sharp fangs. "*Hold still*," The Empire said, feeling along America's body until he got up to his neck. He went to bite his neck, but once America saw his chance. He punched him right in the face, which was perfectly marked where to punch by the Japanese Empires convenient flag. His punch was strong enough to get the Empire stumbling into the wall, he

saw a chance and took it. Jumping off the bed, and running. Once the empire realized he had gotten away, he screamed "*Come back!"* America didn't seem to hear him, as he continued to run. How could his sweet little Japan turn into that, he thought. Now starting to think about it more, Japan had been acting somewhat weird lately. Others would know that wasn't the truth, and that Japan was just showing his true colors. China made the mistake long ago, he thought the Empire really loved him. Until he realized it was trap, and at that point it was already too late. He had to report this now. He didn't know how many Empires that where already out and about, but he couldn't let the Japanese and German Empires meet again. He knew a house, and went to knock. A few moments later Bulgaria had answered, surprised for sure to see the world superpower at his house. "Oh hey, America," He greeted, while also giving him a questionable look. "I need to call someone please, it's an emergency," Bulgaria nodded, and let the American inside. Once he was, he saw the two boys. Greece and Poland, who where sound asleep. "I thought they where at Frances," America didn't want to wake them up, because apparently he's "loud." Honestly yeah he could be the loudest person in the room, but if you ever heard some of the Europeans bicker it was one of most deafening sound he's ever heard. Especially Germany and Russia, they really made a good show until Israel would calm Germany down. Bulgaria showed him the phone, and walked out the room. Calling the number of France, as he knew he would send the news out quick. "Bonjour?" A sigh in relief was what he first heard from the other side, and than he spoke. "France the Japanese Empires out, and he tried to rape me," America said, and France split out the tea he was drinking. "Wait America?" He asked, and he heard a little yeah. "Well um, I was going to tell you.. Your father's in the hospital, Germany bit him too," He said, and America was filled with guilt. His very own father, had been hurt again by the German. He tried to hold in his anger, as that would end badly if he let it out. He remembered what he did to a certain Russian, but he promised himself he wouldn't do that again. Another thing is, America couldn't keep promises to himself.

After the call he walked into the room, and Bulgaria guessed by his face he wasn't ok. "You can stay for breakfast if you like," He offered, and the American thought a bit. "You have bacon?"

Bulgaria nodded, walking into the kitchen to start cooking. Greece and Poland where sound asleep, leaning on each other. America smiled a bit, but thought about the Japanese Empire once more. Why did he turn, and how? There was no sign the German could of done this, so did he want this? No he couldn't possibly want this, but a feeling in his gut told him other wise. He sighed, sitting down into a chair by a small wooden table. He wished he had gotten his phone, but he didn't think to much about it. Couldn't blame him too much, he just awoken up at that moment. A subject concerning his father was starting to dig it's way into his mind. If he turned into an Empire again, and England had control. Would he.. Would he hurt him, and his family again? All those years ago, he didn't know his father was a fusion of the two countries at the time Scotland, and of course England. Ireland was there, but not much as a near thought. Over time, the country didn't like the others. Mainly England over how controlling he was, and so they fought. Ireland has split, but a part of him was lost into England's hands. Northern Ireland was now a part of the Untied Kingdom, and so was Wales. None of them liked it much, and still fight over everything. America wouldn't understand a country is far different than a state, countries can control you. They can force you to be someone you didn't want to be, but states you have more control over. Most countries forget about their states while they're doing their everyday schedule. When Britain had realized what he done to his sons, and family. He never realized there could be another way, he didn't have to just be England's little puppet. Decades of time later, Britain had finally been caught split apart. Something he was terrified of showing, the fear of once the kind on falls they couldn't defend themselves. It was hard at first for them, but it seemed like things where lightening up. He hopes Britain can fight through this once more, but for now he should push his worries away. As the bacon had finished cooking, and Bulgaria took it out. The alarm scared Poland awake, soon after realizing it was just the oven. "America, why are you here?" He asked, and America sighed. "Japanese Empire tired to kill me," He said, and that brought fear to the little Polish man. He feared that the two Empires would make another Axis Powers of sorts, but remembered how the German Empire actually hated Japanese Empire. In that war, the Japanese Empire had actually helped Britain somewhat, taking over islands German Empire had. "Come get your plates!" Called Bulgaria, and the two walked out.

Leaving Greece there, sleeping.

"Thank you for the breakfast, Bulgaria," America said, shoving some in his mouth. Poland smiled a bit, eating slowly. Greece had joined them for a few moments, eating only two pieces of the meat. "No problem, hey America are you going to work today?" Bulgaria asked, and America facepalmed. "I completely forgot, I don't know how I'm supposed to get my uniform if Japanese Empire still there," He admitted, and Poland gave a puzzled look. He looked over at Greece, who was watching the TV in the living room. "Aren't you able to work without your uniform?" The small Polish man said, compared to the other men in the room he looked like a child. "I mean I guess, but.. I need to check on my dad," America said, looking away from them. "I'll drive you to the hospital, America," Bulgaria said as he gotten up from his seat. America looked up at him as he did, and smiled sadly "Thank you." Poland looked at the two for a few moments, and sighed. He felt safer around America than what he did the man's parents, he seemed to keep his promises. Little Poland didn't realize just like the man's parents, he wasn't good at even keeping promises to himself. America promised that Japan and him where truly in love with one another, but as time goes some people can change their mind about you. Japan planned to do what he did to China so long ago, gain his love, and break him slowly. Japan didn't want anyone to find out about the persons pain, so he would get rid of the people he cared about. He would use the person more, and more for things they did not feel comfortable with. To some it was obvious as daylight to them, and one of those people was China himself. Even if he hated the America somewhat, even he wouldn't want to see anyone go through what he did. For now America wouldn't realize the danger he was in, and soon would be drove to the hospital.

Bulgaria drove to the sidewalk to the entrance of the hospital, dropping America off for a few hours. He would of course come back to pick him up, as Poland and Greece did not like being left alone. America walked inside the hospital, asking the countries who worked there where the room his father was staying in. As he walked down the halls, he could he bickering from a room down the hall. He hoped it was just another room, but alas it was room his father was in. Walking inside, he saw his father arguing with

Switzerland. His accent wasn't his normal British, but instead a jumbled mess of all the countries inside of him. "Dad..?" America said quietly, but it got the attention of both of them. "*S-Son, yo**u** **shou**ldn't of came," Britain said, and America noticed his father's eyes. *They where pitch black.* Britain was drastically in a desperate need of care, as whenever his eyes where black that mention he was very unhappy. He didn't seem like he was in an empire like form, but instead all the countries inside of him where being very loud. They caused him enough stress as it was as it was, but he wished the rest of his family was here as well. America alone wasn't very good at comforting, like his brother Canada. His cousin Australia understood love better than anyone he knew, and New Zealand his father probably taught him those skills. France was Britain's husband, and they've been through everything together. When he came closer to his father, all he could do was a simple hug. Britain needed comfort, and his son made he feel so much better. He knew America was doing fine, as he was a strong lad. He was proud of him, unlike Russia's disappointment. He knew he was trying his darnest. Yet Britain was so tired at this point, and passed out right in his sons arms.

After staying a bit longer, talking to Switzerland. He walked outside, sitting on the bench waiting for Bulgaria. He wished he had gotten his phone, but it was too late now. He wondered if Russia had started work without him, and wouldn't doubt if he did. He was somewhat glad to take some time off, as his wounds ached everytime he moved. Soon he saw Bulgaria's car pull in near the sidewalk, and America walked over to it. As he got inside Bulgaria looked at him, "How was he?" He asked, and America looked away for second before speaking. "I guess he's ok.." America said, and looked out the window away from him. Bulgaria understood if he didn't want to talk about it. He drove back to his house, and once they got inside they saw the two boys they left alone where gone. "Poland, Greece!" Bulgaria called, but nobody replied. As they looked around the rooms, America heard something in the closet moving in Bulgaria's bedroom. As he opened the door, he saw bright watery eyes looking back at him. "A-America.. He's in the house," Poland said, rubbing his eyes. He trembled in fear, curled up into a ball in the corner of the closet. A scream was heard, and Bulgaria rushed into the laundry room. There lied Greece's cold

body, with blood dripping down his mouth. A freshly cut wound was through his chest. Before he could do anything, the Empire grabbed him from behind. He covered his mouth, gagging him. America darted to the room to see the person who supposedly loved him, was about to slice through Bulgaria's chest with the katana he was holding. America growled and pulled the Japanese Empire off, for than Bulgaria caught his breath. America shoved the Empire to the wall, hitting his head off hard. He backed away, staring in horror at the Empires unconscious body. Blood soaked his hands, and possibly Greece wasn't the first of who he stabbed today. Bulgaria rushed over to Greece, picking him up. His wound went right through his chest, but like many countries this wouldn't kill them. "Where's Poland?" He asked, and America sighed. "He's in the closet, in your bedroom," He said, and Bulgaria looked back at Japanese Empire's unconscious body. "Carry him, and get Poland. We need to go straight to the hospital now!" He shouted, and America did so as he said. They ran outside getting into the car, and Bulgaria drove as fast as he could. Poland looked out the back window, and for moment he swore had seen a figure staring at the car they where in.